

He reserves to himself a right of criticism, often of a very drastic character. You will have to conciliate his "opinions"; they *are* of personal consequence to you, for a Nurse, no more than a Doctor, can ignore the goodwill of her patient. His friends, in the plenitude of their infallibility, will embarrass you with their "ideas" upon Nursing matters, of which they know nothing. His Doctor may not always give you your instructions with Hospital precision, nor can you expect to find, in routine medical practice, that which was an every-day matter to you there; and you will find the burden of a sole responsibility harder to bear than the divided responsibilities of the old days in your Ward. Be of good courage; all these little trials and difficulties will be overcome, "Mr. Smith" will get well, and you may after all leave Oleander Gardens with benedictions on your head, and the skill, patience, and kindness you showed there will stand you in good stead everywhere else.

As time goes on, you will gain in self-confidence, and inspire confidence in your employer—a most important point in Home Nursing. "Confidence" is a plant of slow growth, and requires a little patient cultivation; but it is wonderfully deep-rooted, and when it becomes known that your patients are addicted to trusting you, it will take a great deal to shake their confidence in you. This feeling of independence in your work, and the deep sense of the personal responsibility involved in it, will strengthen your mind, develop your powers, dignify your character, and widen your sympathies.

The human nature side of your profession will give a great interest to it. Your art is immutable, but how varied and various are the persons, places, and conditions under which you are called upon to exercise it! Ever bear in your bosom that sweet "pink," courtesy; its delicate fragrance will be grateful in every home, lofty or lowly. Go where you may, suffering and sorrow are there, or you would not be. Let your heart go forth to them, and never forget the woman in the Nurse. Cultivate a quiet calmness of manner—not indifference, but the repose of conscious strength; feeling your power to meet dangers and difficulties when they arise, you neither torment yourself nor your employers by anticipating them. There is always a tinge of vulgarity about self-consciousness, and a "fussy," timorous Nurse will upset a whole household.

Be steadfast in the noble path of duty you have chosen, true to the best and highest aims of your art—I use the word advisedly, and assert that in Home Nursing its widest possibilities have yet to be attained. Keen be the spear and bright the shield you wield to help and comfort poor suffering humanity; the latter may bear the impress of

many a hard-won contest, or cruel blow—life's victories are not lightly won—but never let a breath of evil dim its spotless sheen.

I fear these few thoughts will appear but trite and common-place—a "trade" view of things. My subject has not the interest of Historical Nursing (as it was five hundred years ago), nor the fascination of Potential Nursing (as it may be five hundred years hence), nor the æsthetic beauty of Ideal Nursing. The ethereal gifts it requires are rarely found in the dull atmosphere of our daily lives. Like the tender plants that bloom on Alpine summits, their delicate beauty fades in the traveller's hand long ere he reaches the vale below. I presume to speak only of that Nursing that comes home to men's "hearths and bosoms," and the sort of women, in my humble judgment, required for the work, who ought to be ever present with us in times of sore sickness.

Millions are spent upon Nursing the sick poor, in Hospital, Workhouse, Infirmary, and elsewhere. Is it not time the public turned their thoughts towards the subject of the skilful Nursing of the sick at home who are not poor? Long since they have had the protection of a Medical Profession. Why not now a Nursing Profession as well? The answer to this question cannot be long deferred. It should be found in every heart.

When disease throws its dread shadow on the hearth, when the child's light laughter is stilled, and its bright eye dimmed, and the mother's cheek grows pale with fear, who should come to our home, "sought," not "sent," with skilful hand and watchful eye, and never wearying care, to tend our little sufferer and aid, perchance, in victory, and who should leave it more endeared to our hearts than "our" Nurse? JUSTITIA.

NURSING ECHOES.

*** Communications (duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith) are especially invited for these columns.*

THE topic of the day in Nursing circles is the forthcoming *Conversazione* of the British Nurses' Association. I have just received the post-card—issued, I suppose, to all the members—announcing it officially; but I heard the other day that it had been decided to hold it at the Grosvenor Gallery, and that besides the exhibition of Pastel works now on view there, it was intended to hold an exhibition of Nursing appliances as used in different Hospitals. I am asked to call special attention to the letter, which appears in our correspondence columns to-day, from the Hon. Secretaries of the Association upon this matter. I am told that there will be, besides a band, a short but

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